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Following description of Fort Belknap from his copious files:

"In 1853 Col. W. G. Freeman received orders from the War Department in Washington to report on the 8th Military Department. Below is a description from the Freeman report:

"One officers' quarters consisting of two rooms and passages 18 by 18 with front porticos, and glazed and thatched. Type of edifice was jacal.

"Camp officers' quarters (jacal) consisting of four rooms with passages in each block 18 by 18 thatched. Front porticos glazed. Old quarters (jacal type) 18 feet wide. Porticos thatched but unglazed.

"Hospital (jacal). Three rooms with passages. Thatched and unglazed throughout entire length.

"Adjutant office. Jacal type consisting of three rooms all glazed. Porticos thatched in both front and rear. Size 36 by 28.

"Billiard room (jacal). Front portico glazed, thatched. Stable picket thatched.

"Magazine (stone). Shingled. Twenty-two by eight and a story and half high.

"Corn house was of stone and was a half a story high. Size was 80 by 20.

"Stone comprised the bakery which was 20 by 20 and stood a story and a half high.

"Infantry quarters were two stories in height, were glazed and shingled. Size was 80 by 28 (475 when completed). Three unshingled. One by two masonry completed to the first story. Six began.

"Company kitchen (jacal) was thatched. Inside was a stone fireplace with chimneys. Size was 18 by 45.

"Commissary's store was of hewn stone, stood two and one-half stories high and size was 80 by 20.

"Stone comprised the story and a half commanders officers' quarters. Basement was 52 by 45. There were rear and front porticos and two rooms 16 feet by 16 feet, 6 inches, one room 17 by 16. Building was glazed and shingled.

"Camp officers' quarters consisted of four rooms 17 by 17 with two passages and comprised two buildings each a story and a half, and both were shingled and glazed. Size was 92 by 18. These were planned but not yet begun.

"Library and stone office. Both were shingled and overall size was 48 by 18 with two rooms 18 by 18 and passage 12 by 18. This building was in the planning stage but work had not commenced.

"The guardhouse was a one-story stone edifice with a sunken basement and rear porticos and consisted of two 17 by 17 rooms with passages above and below. This, too, was in the planning stage. The foundation bed and chimney of the sawmill were stone. Overall size of the above was 40 by 20."

Capt. James B. Leach, while camped at Fort Belknap on September 1, 1857 with a wagon train reported that the post was "handsomely situated and that the old stockade buildings which formerly served the purpose of garrison were being replaced by handsome buildings of stone and that already the fort was beginning to assume quite an imposing appearance."

EXCELLENT SPRINGS

Lieutenant Freeman also reported on the advantages of the location and the ordinance situation at Fort Belknap. He noted that there were excellent springs within a few hundred yards of the garrison and that the post was situated over a field of bituminous coal, said field extending 15 miles. He stated that building materials with the exception of shingles and flooring were available, that limestone was present in large deposits and that extra-good brick could be fashioned from the clay in the vicinity.

Ordinance was at the fort in considerable quantity and was well kept. The magazine was sturdy being constructed of stone. The ordinance consisted of one 6-pound gun, one

12-pound howitzer, and two 12-pound mountain howitzers, 800 pounds of fixed ammunition of various kinds, 550 pounds of powder, 47,000 musket cartridges, ball and buck, and 10 sets of harness.

At the height of its activity Fort Belknap was far out on the Texas frontier and was a portal opening into the great Far West. It became the hub of all activity for the region and was well known all over. Many land surveys as far as 50 miles away had their field stones, base distance, and direction from the post and buffalo hunters, traders, and settlers post and buffalo hunters, traders and settlers mingled there.

Two Indian reservations were placed near Fort Belknap in 1854 so that they could rest in the protection of the troopers. In December of 1855 the 2d Cavalry Regiment (same being created by an act of Congress) reached the fort. Albert Sydney Johnston was colonel and none other than Robert E. Lee was lieutenant colonel. Part of the purpose of the creation of this special regiment was to act as a guard for the Indian reservations.

NEVER ATTACKED BY INDIANS

No sooner had the fort been established than it became a haven of refuge for the early settlers of that part of Texas. The nearby town of Belknap which sprung into existence coincidentally with the garrison flourished because of its protection. Although within sound of the dread Indian warcry, never was the post attacked by the red warriors but some devastating raids were made nearby. Two of these depredations serve to show how rough the frontier was in that day and time. Jesse Stem, a former Indian agent and a friend, a man named Lepperman were ambushed, slain and scalped by the Comanches on February 12, 1854, only a short distance from Fort Belknap. Then 10 years later in 1864 a band of several hundred, whooping, bloodthirsty redskins raided Elm Creek Community, only 7 miles from the fort, and killed 12 persons, 5 of whom were rangers. They took away as captives, one white woman and her two small grandchildren (both little girls) and two Negro children.

Young County was organized in 1856 and the county seat was created close to the garrison. In August of that year the first session of county court was held in a Fort Belknap building.

In 1858 the Overland Pacific Mail and Stage Line between St. Louis and San Francisco went into operation and its route ran by Fort Belknap which became a way station, in fact it was the only one on the long stage route going west where teams of horses were changed to mules and going east were replaced by horses. The stage line prodded the advancement of the town of Belknap and the vicinity. Within a year after the Overland Mail was created the small town was booming, boasting of three hotels, five general stores, a blacksmith shop, several residences, and two wagon yards.

Many notable expeditions had their beginnings at Fort Belknap. Captain Randolph Marcy left there to trace the Red River to its source. On September 15, 1858 Brevet Major Earl Van Dorn, captain of the 2d Cavalry left Fort Belknap on an expedition against the Comanches who were on the war path in the northeast. His victory against the savages was one of the most spectacular and successful in all the history of Indian warfare. His force left 56 dead Indian warriors behind.

In 1860 the troopers at the garrison were desperately needed to help stanch the Indian uprisings in the northwest section and practically all the forces were pulled out of Fort Belknap for this purpose, a move which was intended to be only temporary. But before they could return came the Civil War. General Twiggs surrendered Fort Belknap to the Confederates. That spelled the death

knell for the colorful guardian of the frontier for never again did it return to its former glory. After its surrender a few Confederate soldiers and Texas Rangers were stationed at the post from time to time but there was never a sufficient garrison to protect the vicinity.

Federal troops again occupied Fort Belknap in 1867 for a short period. But the once beautiful post had become prey to time and weather, neglect and dilapidation and was unfit for a garrison by that time so the Government gave orders to abandon the fort permanently and moved the troopers to another west Texas post—Fort Griffin.

The years passed and again silence, decay, and desolation held sway where once the troopers had lived.

TRAGEDY DURING YULE SEASON

When the fort was abandoned a quantity of gun powder was left behind. This was an error—an error that caused a tragedy one Christmas in the 19th century. People visited the old post from time to time and children would scoop up handfuls of the powder and set fire to it to cause explosions.

One Christmas several children visited the old garrison to obtain some powder to celebrate the Yule season. Bud Johnson, one of the boys went inside to get the powder. A few minutes after he entered there was a deafening explosion and Bud's body hurtled through a window. The frightened children carried him home and soon after they arrived Bud died. It was never determined just what happened inside the old powder house.

But even though time took its toll of the old garrison as the years kept rolling by, Fort Belknap did not die in the memories of the descendants of the intrepid pioneers who dared the perils and hardships of the early and rugged frontier to bring civilization to Young County. When the Texas Centennial was planned, a committee formed in the vicinity to draft plans for restoring the colorful old post. Ben G. O'Neal who was then a State senator was able to obtain amendments to the centennial bill providing for the restoration of old well-known buildings such as old military garrisons of the frontier days as a part of the centennial celebration.

The eager committee in the Young County vicinity including County Judge E. M. Remington, Mrs. C. F. Marshall, G. R. Whitely, Mrs. J. W. Bullock, Rufus Helm, Roy Veal, E. H. Remington, J. H. Watson, Mrs. G. A. Terrell, and Mrs. O. T. Anderson set to work to have 15 acres of the fort grounds restored as well as a few of the main buildings.

They secured title to the 15 acres and then had 6 of the original stone buildings restored. The walls of the corn house and the arsenal had withstood the encroachment of 80 years and were still standing. Those two edifices were completely restored.

Two large barracks, one kitchen, and the huge two story hewn stone commissary were restored from stone on the original foundations exactly as they were when first constructed in the middle of the 19th century. Then a 4-foot wall was built around the land. The original well drilled at the old garrison was still in good condition. The shrubbery and flowers on the grounds are now being watered by this ancient well that supplied the soldiers and their mounts over a century ago.

The committee formed the Fort Belknap Society which is a nonprofit historical association. This body cooperates with the Young County Commissioners to maintain and beautify the grounds and buildings. The old arsenal was restored and made into a museum, for the ladies.

The caretaker of the fort occupies half of the upper story of the commissary building. The 17 Club has made a club room of the other half. The lower story houses a museum where many relics of early pioneer days may be seen.

The committee also erected granite markers and placed them around the stone wall of the grounds pointing the roads leading to and from the fort. Markers also identify the Butterfield Stage Road as well as the military roads of the 19th century leading to Fort Phantom Hill, San Antonio, and Fort Washita (the latter in old Indian territory).

In 1957 the society secured from the Department of the Army two old iron 6-pounder cannons—the same type and caliber that guarded Fort Belknap in 1853.

The grounds of the old post are a favorite picnicking and outing place for all the vicinity. The restored garrison draws thousands of tourists annually not only from the Lone Star State but from every State in the Union as well as Canada.

To visit the frontier guardian today is to whirl back with the speed of an astronaut in orbit into the middle of the last century. Within the buildings with their many relics it is easy to imagine the post fully garrisoned with blue coated troopers, to see in the mind's eye the boundless prairies alive with the beady eyed buffalo and bounding antelope, to conjure up the sounds of marching feet, the high notes of the bugles and to hear the dread Indian war cry ringing through the wilderness. Truly the old fort seems to become an integral part of another century with its old style architecture and ordinance and truly history is to be relived in its confines and a heritage to be won.

A Year of Decision?

EXTENSION OF REMARKS

OF

HON. ROBERT L. F. SIKES

OF FLORIDA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, February 1, 1965

Mr. SIKES. Mr. Speaker, there is continuing agitation for the enactment of firearms legislation to restrict the constitutional rights of the American citizen to own and use firearms. A number of such bills have been proposed. It is very important that Congress consider carefully any proposals which are advanced to change the time-honored right of U.S. citizens to own firearms.

I confess concern about the easy access to weapons of criminals and unsupervised juveniles who should not have such access and some restrictive action may be necessary. But before we take such action, let us be sure that it does not accomplish more harm than good. The fact is, the registration of guns or restrictions on ownership will not discourage the criminal. More likely, it will only discourage ownership of firearms for the protection of responsible citizens. We do not want to burn the barn to get rid of the rats. Therefore, all bills proposed must be carefully examined and none passed in an atmosphere of emotionally inspired haste.

This subject has been treated fully and capably in Guns magazine in the March 1965 edition by its editor, Mr. E. B. Mann. Under permission granted, I include it for the information of my colleagues:

A YEAR OF DECISION?

(By E. B. Mann)

Now that the sound and fury of the election is over, Americans who believe in "the right of the people to keep and bear arms"

are asking each other, "Where do we stand now, in terms of firearms legislation?"

The sad fact is that nobody knows. The educated guess is that 1965 will be a year of decision regarding firearms legislation, with action at the national level and, perhaps more dangerous, with wildcat antigun proposals popping up in dozens of State legislatures. National action is likely to move slowly, and this should give us time to organize whatever forces we have in opposition. The deadly danger at the State level is that State legislatures often act swiftly and with little or no warning on such matters.

November 3, the day of decision, brought landslide victory to one party; crushing defeat to the other. To us, so far as anyone can tell at the date of this writing, it brought neither. Some of our friends in the U.S. Senate, some of our friends in the U.S. House of Representatives, were defeated. Fortunately for us, the same is true of some of those in both Houses who were allied against us. The score appears now to be about even. Fortunately for us, ours is not a partisan issue.

But there are many new faces in the National Congress as its legislative bodies get back into action. And the sad fact mentioned earlier is that no one seems to know how these new legislators feel about firearms legislation.

Why don't we know? We don't know because some of our national program leaders have told us that we must not dirty our hands with politics—and thousands of us have accepted this as an excuse to sit back on our lily-white hands, do nothing, and then scream bloody murder when antigun people are elected. Queries from this office to shooters in many States have disclosed an appalling dearth of information regarding attitudes of candidates regarding firearms legislation. Most answers were simply, "Don't know." Several even chided us for asking. "This is not," they said, "a matter for partisan politics."

That's right. The way a person feels about firearms legislation is not a matter of party. There are ardent believers pro and con in both parties. But no voter is bound to either party for support transcending his convictions—and the honest citizen with honest convictions who refuses to participate in politics, or who participates without knowing how the candidates stand on important issues, has nobody but himself to blame for whatever is wrong with the government he finances.

This magazine is as nonpartisan as any; but we are not afraid to ask candidates of both parties how they stand on issues we think are important. We believe that firearms legislation is an important issue. We know that it is an issue that will be decided by the legislative bodies of our States and our Nation.

If every shooter in America would remember that it is his vote that elects the members of these legislative bodies, we could within a foreseeable future win enough legislative strength to defeat any antigun proposal that might be offered. We can't do that by keeping pure of politics.

The reelection of Senator THOMAS DODD, Democrat, of Connecticut, makes it highly probable that the much cursed and discussed Dodd bill to amend the existing Federal firearms statutes may be the first item of firearms legislation to confront us at the national level. In view of this probability, and in view of the widespread confusion regarding the Dodd amendments, perhaps it is apropos here to review the content and the circumstances surrounding the Dodd proposals.

It should be remembered, first, that Senator Dodd did invite representatives of many branches of the firearms industry and of the shooting sports to Washington to discuss the

measures for firearms control under consideration by his subcommittee. As one of those so invited, I can state from personal knowledge that those discussions were long, outspoken on both sides, that they included word-by-word study of the existing statutes as well as the proposed amendments, including testimony from leading law enforcement agencies regarding the need (or lack of need) for additional controls or for changes in the existing statutes, and as to the probable effectiveness (or lack of effectiveness) of the proposed additions or changes.

I was criticized for saying at that time, in an editorial in this magazine, that the action of the Dodd committee in inviting discussion with industry and shooting sports leaders was commendable, that the discussions were fair, and that the subcommittee members were amazingly amenable to deletions or changes in their proposals. Those statements were more severely criticized later—largely, I think, because of an increasing, nationwide misconception of the motivation, aims, and actual wordings of the Dodd amendments.

In my opinion, Senator Dodd has only himself to blame for these misconceptions and for the vitriolic and ill-founded attacks that have been made on him because of them. As a politician, Senator Dodd is no more averse to publicity than other politicians, and no less willing than other politicians to climb aboard what may seem at the moment to be a vote-getting bandwagon. Following the assassination of President Kennedy, a wave of national hysteria convinced many politicians that any antigun publicity was good publicity for whoever could get it—and there were plenty of sensation seekers in the news media who were willing to give it. Senator Dodd let himself be shown and quoted as strongly antigun, thereby incurring the anger of untold thousands of shooters; and, to the utter dismay of all who had found him amenable to reason in earlier discussions, even let himself be stamped into attempting to railroad his amendments into enactment in their original wordings, ignoring the changes agreed upon by all parties in those earlier discussions. That attempt was blocked by prompt action by representatives of the National Rifle Association and others. The Dodd amendments were still in the hands of the Senate Commerce Committee when Congress adjourned its last session and so were never offered for enactment.

Just what does the Dodd bill do? First, it is not a new bill; it is an attempt to amend the old existing Federal Firearms Act. Its intention is to make it more difficult for juveniles lacking parental consent, persons convicted of felony, and other specified undesirable, to obtain guns by mail order. In the wordings agreed upon in the discussions between the Dodd subcommittee and the representatives of the firearms industry and shooting sports—and we are advised that Senator Dodd is now content to abide by these wordings—the four noteworthy amendments are as follows:

1. The Federal firearms dealer's license fee is increased from \$1 to \$10, and the person licensed must be 21 years of age or over.
2. Manufacturers and dealers must label packages being shipped to show that they contain firearms, and must notify the carrier that firearms are being shipped.
3. Agents of the common carrier (i.e., the express company) are forbidden knowingly to deliver firearms to a person under 18 years of age, or to a known criminal, or drug addict.
4. A person ordering a gun by mail shall enclose with his order a notarized affidavit stating his true name, age, address, felony convictions if any, and whether he has complied with local and State firearms laws. The affidavit must also state the name and address of the principal law enforcement authority in the buyer's community. The seller is then required to forward, by legis-

tered mail, a copy of the buyer's affidavit and a description of the gun (as to type, but not including serial number) to the law enforcement authority named in the affidavit.

It was (and is) the feeling of the firearms representatives participating in the discussions that the first three of these amendments are not damaging, may even be beneficial to shooting interests. Surely no one will quarrel with the requirement that a firearms dealer should be an adult; and if a Federal license is needed at all, it should be worth \$10. Clause 2 imposes no hardship on the buyer; it affects only the shipper.

Clause 3 merely makes it possible for the delivering agent to demand proof that the receiver is 18 or older, and to withhold delivery to persons known to him to be criminal. No one believes that this will be completely effective in preventing guns from getting into bad hands; everyone hopes that it will help.

Clause 4 is the principal cause of misunderstanding regarding the Dodd amendments. There is no denying the point that filling out an affidavit and having it notarized is a nuisance that may be annoying to the legitimate buyer—but it is a petty annoyance compared with some of the major ones he might now be experiencing except for the efforts of those who accepted this one. There is no denying, either, that these affidavits can be falsified, forged, or otherwise made valueless. But—

Clause 4 does not include police registration of firearms by serial number. Firearms representatives demanded, and the Dodd subcommittee agreed, that the amendment specifically stipulate that the affidavit shall not include the serial number of the gun.

Clause 4 does not give the police authority the power to forbid the sale. The original wording here did require that the police authority must approve the affidavit before the sale could be completed; but this was strongly opposed by industry, shooting sports, and law enforcement representatives alike, and the Dodd subcommittee finally agreed that this granting of permissive police power was unjust to buyer and seller alike and should be omitted.

Clause 4 does enable (but not require) the local police authority to ascertain whether or not the buyer is of lawful age, is or is not a law-abiding person. Law enforcement people (those present at these discussions, and others) are quick to admit that very few police agencies have the time or the manpower to investigate all of the thousands of mail-order gun buyers. Nobody thinks these affidavits will suddenly make it impossible for criminals and/or juvenile delinquents to obtain guns. Everybody knows that having to fill out the affidavit and have it notarized is a nuisance to the law-abiding buyer, and that many will resent it. The one argument in its favor is that it does place one additional obstacle in the path of the undesirable gun buyer; and if the police do investigate, and do prevent the delivery of a gun into criminal hands (as they already have the right to do, under existing statutes), perhaps it is worth trying.

Doubt was expressed, in our discussions with the Dodd people, as to the willingness of any common carrier to accept the responsibility which clause 4 imposes. The word "knowingly" weakens that responsibility, but was essential, since certainly the agent of the carrier could not reasonably be punished for delivering a firearm to a well-dressed and affable stranger who later turned out to be a member of the crime syndicate. He could, however, and would be expected to use whatever knowledge he might have about the known bad guys in his community; and he could, and should, demand something better than the mere name on the package before delivering a gun to an obvious subteenager.

In an address given before the Chicago Railway Special Agents and Police Association last October, William B. Johnson, presi-

dent of REA Express, accepted on behalf of his company the responsibility of restricting the delivery of mail-order guns to the extent suggested in the Dodd amendments. President Johnson's sentiments as expressed in this speech are not of a kind that gun people would find very palatable, but they do commit his agents to the exercise of caution in the delivery of mail-order firearms.

Many observers believe that the Dodd bill will be forced out of committee and presented to the Congress for vote during the 1965 sessions. We do not suggest that you support it; but we do suggest that, before you oppose it so vehemently as to make presently openminded lawmakers mad at all of us, you remember that there are many bills in the offing that are infinitely worse than this one—and that the men who advised the Dodd committee that they had better come up with a gun bill with teeth in it are still men of power in Washington, ready and eager to make headlines with really tough gun legislation.

There is also one bill in preparation that could supplant the Dodd bill very soon after it is enacted (if it is enacted), and which could go far toward improving the entire climate of public and legislative opinion regarding guns and gun laws generally. That bill is the program law in process of preparation by this magazine. You will hear more about that, now that the election is over and once we can learn who's who in 1965 Washington.

Meanwhile, get into politics in your own community—to the extent, at least, of being alert to what may be (and probably is) cooking in the way of gun legislation. Let us know what you find out. We'll help to the limit of our resources. But don't wait. Rally your friends, the friends of guns and the shooting sports, and take action. It's your State and your community. It's your right—and because rights go hand in hand with duty, it's your duty—to see that it's the kind of a community, the kind of a State, you want to live in.

And if you get your lily-white hands soiled a little with politics, rub a little gun oil on them. You can then at least continue to smell like a shooter. And you might not be able to do that if you let the other fellow run your politics.

Narcotics Addiction

EXTENSION OF REMARKS OF

HON. WILLIAM F. RYAN

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, February 1, 1965

Mr. RYAN. Mr. Speaker, I wish to bring to the attention of my colleagues an important article on one of the most crucial problems facing our Nation's cities—narcotics addiction. This article, by the able reporter, Gertrude Samuels, appeared in the New York Times Magazine on Sunday, January 17, 1965. Although we are aware of the dreadful statistics concerning narcotics addiction in the cities, we sometimes forget that behind the statistics are the stories of human desperation and despair. By graphically relating the story of an addict in New York City, Gertrude Samuels reminds us that the problem of narcotics addiction is a human problem, which robs this Nation of the talents of many citizens. The following article also sup-

ports the statement of the Advisory Council of Judges of the National Council on Crime and Delinquency:

The narcotic drug addict is a sick person, physically and psychologically, and as such is entitled to qualified medical attention just as are other sick persons. * * * [He should] not be criminally prosecuted.

The complete article follows:

THE PEOPLE VERSUS BABY (By Gertrude Samuels)

Advisory Council of Judges of the National Council on Crime and Delinquency: "The narcotic drug addict is a sick person, physically and psychologically, and as such is entitled to qualified medical attention just as are other sick people. * * * [He should] not be criminally prosecuted."

The ordeal began on a Friday morning not long ago, on the fourth floor of the Criminal Courts Building in Manhattan. Outside the part 2 courtroom, a carbon copy of the day's calendar was posted. It listed a score of cases for hearings, trial and sentencing. Baby's name was on row 10.

Josephine Della Gomez—the name inscribed on row 10—gave Baby an unimagined dignity. Below her name were listed two codefendants, Dennis Camp and Frances Benton (these are not the real names). All three were charged with a "1533"—loitering for the purpose of using narcotics. Baby and Denny were additionally charged with a "3305"—possession of narcotics. The second charge, a felony, was the serious one.

I first met Baby 7 years ago, while on assignment to write an article about gang girls. I spent several weeks then with her group—14- to 17-year-olds who ran with gang boys in East Harlem.

Baby, the prettiest and most volatile of them, already a school dropout, was just beginning to get into trouble. She was experimenting with marihuana—it was considered in her milieu "square" not to smoke reefer at weekend sets (parties)—and she was starting to experiment with sex. Yet she was fiercely devoted to her widowed mother. Baby was proud that she had taken work in a laundry to help, with her older sister, Angela, to pay the rent.

The mother grieved and carried on that Baby was a gang girl, and she went to the store-front church to pray. But Baby, by the time she was 16, had gone from the mild kicks of pot to the big kick of heroin.

Over the years, I kept in touch with her, through her Youth Board worker and directly. Her mother, both afraid and ashamed of Baby, had her committed for "incorrigibility." After 2 years in an upstate jail, Baby took jobs but failed to hold them. She usually needed three or four decks of heroin daily, a \$20-to-\$40-a-day habit, to function. She made the money on the street or by pushing the stuff.

At times she seemed eager to get into a hospital for detoxification, or to find a job out of New York; other times, especially when she was in the money, she would disappear for weeks or months. Then she would call spontaneously, "just to talk to someone, it's my birthday * * * off the stuff * * * looking for a job." But it was mostly a compulsion to spill it out before disappearing again into the street.

Still, at 21, she seemed to reach for some sort of dignity when the cops picked her up every couple of months for prostitution or larceny. "Baby," she would snap when they asked her name at the stationhouse. Then, changing her tone, she would pronounce her real name as though registering for school. "Josephine Della Gomez," she would say primly, "and I want to call my mother." (Her mother had long before locked her out, ever since she had pawned their radio to get money for a fix.)

But Baby she was on the street, with her stained blouses and tight tiorador pants and her arms blackblotched by the needle.

After arraignment on the narcotics charges Baby had made bail. Would she show for trial? I was waiting in the courthouse. The court was in a brief recess.

Outside, Frankie—Frances Benton, one of Baby's codefendants—was arguing with the arresting cop. She was pregnant, bulging under her dirty white overblouse, yet she managed to sound more flirtatious than quarrelsome. Frankie was the white member of the trio; but there was no race problem here—she would sleep with anyone who had heroin.

"Why did you do it?" she was demanding, batting her blue eyes under their false lashes, waving a half-eaten chocolate bar at him. (All day Frankie chewed on chocolates or cookies, sucking with a child's compulsion.) "We were just sittin' in that hallway. We were cold. We wanted to get in from the cold. We live on that street."

"Yeah, I know." The cop was uncomfortable.

"So why d'ja do it?"

"Now, you weren't just sitting. I wouldn't be here, and you wouldn't be here, if that was all."

He moved off. He would testify and he wanted to avoid this involvement. He was irritated because he felt the charge wouldn't stand up against her, since no decks had been found on her at the time of her arrest.

Frankie chased after him, her brown skirt riding up her legs. I caught her arm. She swung around angrily.

"Where's Baby, Frankie?"

"Don't bug me. I got my own worries. Ask Denny." She nodded to the tall, ebony-colored young man slowly walking toward us. She sucked on the chocolate bar.

At least Denny—Dennis Camp, the third of the defendants—wore a clean shirt under his old leather jacket. He walked jerkily, as if propelled by someone else, or fighting the effect of a fix.

"You seen my lawyer?" he mumbled. "He's here, then he ain't here. I paid him \$25, but he went off and say he can't do nothin'. Gotta talk to Legal Aid, get some advice."

Frankie's lawyer suddenly appeared, a slackjawed fat man whose gray suit hung on him like a sack and whom she called, with unexpected aplomb, "counselor." And, appearing almost simultaneously, to run coffee and candy for her, was a thin little man of uncertain age who fawned on the girl. "My little friend," was the way Frankie introduced him indifferently. Little Friend looked anxiously from the lawyer to Frankie, made her stand near Denny away from the noisy corridor crowd, worried over her like a father—or a pimp?

Just as the recess ended and the black-robed judge took his seat on the bench, below the legend, "In God We Trust," Baby made her appearance, breathlessly. With her was a tall, husky young Negro, sweating in a bulky brown cardigan and pulling on a pipe. He was as quiet as Baby was talkative.

"Meet Hank," she said. "He made me come. I didn't have any money to come. No one cares, no one, my mother, my sister, no one gives a damn about Baby." She looked around vaguely. "Oh, God, I'm tired."

She threw her arms around Frankie, then me. She began to slump. Then she stood up straight, tore the black kerchiefs off her head, smoothed her hair, and pursed her mouth in an earnest effort to concentrate. Baby was high.

"The Legal Aid man should talk to you and Denny," I said.

We joined Denny who had wandered to the first row of seats outside the rail. That was a mistake. Feeling the drug, he had stretched out as though still on a stoop in Harlem. Legal Aid got Denny to a rear seat, near Frankie and Little Friend. He came

back to Baby to check out the facts of the arrest.

Perhaps because Legal Aid was attractive and soft spoken, perhaps because he didn't probe too much but made her feel that he believed her story, he gradually brought Baby back from wherever she was to reality and the courtroom. It was at rare intervals like this that Baby could react with a mixture of remorse and appreciation.

Her heart-shaped face with liquid eyes and tentative smiles seemed young and defenseless. But though she had substituted a skirt for her usual tiorador pants and wore a buttoned-up jacket to conceal her arms, her frizzy, dyed-red hair, clinging skirt and torn sneakers were all too apparent. "Prostitute-addict," her looks and record shouted to any judge and lawyer in a felony court—and probably not more than an hour or two away from the next fix.

And yet she still seemed to want to make an attempt to straighten out. Just after the initial hearing on the charges against her, 3 weeks before, for example, she had tried again.

With her 6-year record as a "pusher" and "cross" and terms at Hudson Training School, Women's Prison and the reformatory upstate, she knew the court would be tough on her this time. So Baby had signed herself into a religious "crusade" in Queens. There, without any medical or psychiatric help, a hundred addicts were taking a cold-turkey cure—trying voluntarily to kick the drug habit through religious conversion. I had visited her during that period.

In a large auditorium hung with banners that proclaimed, "He has sent Me to heal the brokenhearted," the young men and women, white and colored, belted out religious songs, came to the microphone to tell candidly how long they had been addicts—1 year, 5 years, 8 years—and how they now hoped to "bring our souls to Thee, Lord." Some shivered and rolled in the aisle to "When the Saints Come Marching In."

"We're now abstaining dope fiends," one young man shouted happily.

After a week she found the living arrangements "too crude . . . we were sleeping in hallways in the house where we all lived . . . no room of my own." She slipped off "to see my mother."

She never got to her mother. She made it as far as her old connection in the bar on Lexington Avenue. The cycle had begun again.

Now I heard her trying to convince Legal Aid that she had been "cured" through the religious crusade. She was going to go back there, she said earnestly, after he got these charges dismissed. The judge will like that idea, she assured him.

He shook his head. "He'll be more interested in whether you have a decent place to go to tonight. Now, just the details of the arrest. You and Frankie and Dennis were there in the hallway," he prompted. Did they have any decks on them (the small, glassine envelopes that hold the heroin, the possession of which is a felony)?

"No," Baby said, instantly awake. "Well," she added, grudgingly, "Frankie didn't have nothing. He went in her blouse and felt her up like they always do, but she didn't have nothing. But Denny and me—well, we had two bags. But they were empty."

Legal Aid said that if the laboratory tests showed that the "empty" bags had contained a narcotic Baby and Denny would be found guilty of possession on the "3305," though he would try for an adjournment until the lab tests came in. On the lesser charge of "loitering," he was certain they would go free for lack of evidence.

Legal Aid added that it would strongly help her case if he could show that she had a decent place to live during her parole for the next couple of weeks.

"Oh, God, I'm tired," Baby said. She glared around the packed courtroom, as though the uniformed cops should be

man with their shields pinned to their lapels, the clerks, the witnesses, the spectators were all her judges.

"That voice," she said wildly. The clearly enunciating voice of the bridgeman, standing between the bench and the public, was bellowing new cases.

A large girl stood before the bench, her private lawyer, white-haired, pleading her case. The charge was assault, third degree.

"All right—\$25 on a disorderly conduct charge," the judge said crisply, tossing papers to the bridgeman.

An older woman in a well-tailored coat and flowered hat hurried inside the rail. "I'm her mother, your honor," she said. "I'll pay her fine. She is not bad, and she's sorry, your honor. Thank you, your honor."

"Pay your fine at the desk," the bridge-man said.

"My mother's not here," Baby moaned.

I told legal aid that the Village Haven might take Baby that night. It tries to help addicts, find them clean rooms and later interest them in jobs.

"It would help," said legal aid. "And Frankie needs detoxification, her lawyer says. Better let a hospital know that she's held up by the court."

Baby gave me one of her melting looks.

"I'll do anything you say. I'm so tired."

I telephoned the Village Haven. A woman said in warm tones to bring Baby in any time that night. In the morning they would get her started "on a program."

A hospital for Frankie was a tougher problem. First, the psychiatric social worker, then the narcotics floor nurse said that the hospital routine couldn't be upset for anyone, that if "the patient" didn't get there by the 4 p.m. closing time, she would not be admitted until Monday.

"OK, but she's pregnant. If she goes back on drugs this weekend," I said, "you will be responsible for what happens."

There was dead silence on the other end of the wire, and then the nurse said to bring her down after the trial, whatever the time.

Just before 1 o'clock the bridgeman called Baby's case: *The People of the State of New York v. Josephine Della Gomez, Dennis Camp, Frances Benton*.

They stood at the long brown table before the bench. Legal aid stood between Baby and Denny.

There had been a dozen similar narcotics cases that day; some shooting galleries had included 8 to 10 defendants each. The assistant district attorney looked as bored as the judge.

The lawyers pleaded their clients not guilty to the charges.

"Well, we'll adjourn for lunch. Be back here at 2 o'clock for the hearing."

Outside the courtroom, as Hank hovered near, saying nothing, Baby started to shake. "That goddam judge is bored stiff. Did you see him yawn?" She took my arm. "Take me to lunch. I'm so tired. What's going to become of me?"

"It's all set for Village Haven, Baby."

"I'll work. I learned how to type, at the reformatory, you know—not fast, but I'll improve." She was spilling over with plans. "And I can sew good—my mother learned me. Do you think they'll get me work?"

She rattled on in desperation and hope. How could the law and the people, with their anticontamination austerity, hold meaning for these sick people with compulsions for the drugs that were destroying them? "I'm so tired," she repeated. "What do I have to look forward to in this life? I'm tired of sleeping in hallways. I'm tired of the Johns and the bars and shooting up and getting sick. I've had this goddam nausea. But I haven't been using lately," she said, suddenly wide awake and fearful. "For 2 weeks I haven't touched it. I'm not hooked."

I said I believed her. She ate like a starved person—but first she opened the white napkin carefully,